

Carmina
Universitatis
Novi Brunsvici



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CARMINA

Universitatis Novi Brunsvici

Alma Mater

(Air : John Brown's Body.)

The old College rises where the free winds sport their will,
Dear old Alma Mater standing half way up the hill ;
Loved of our boyhood, and we love, we love her still,
And shout her Jubilee.

CHORUS, —

Glory, glory, shout we Alma's worth,
Glory to the sons that she is sending forth,
May they be the honour and the pride of the earth,
And triumph as they go.

Come we over mountains and from rivers far away,
Homes beside the ocean. and from fields of dying day,
Laughing, shouting, roaming as we did of old at play,
To shout her Jubilee.

Fold us once more fondly to thy bosom white as snow,
Feed us wine and kisses and then bless us ere we go,
Parted till the air of Heaven o'er us blow.
At the final Jubilee.

Vive La Campagnie

Let every good fellow now fill up his glass
Vive la campagnie,
And drink to the health of our glorious class,
Vive la campagnie.

CHORUS.—

Vive la, Vive la, Vive l'amour,
Vive la, Vive la, Vive l'amour,
Vive l'amour, Vive l'amour,
Vive la campagne.

There sit the faculty all in a row,
Vive la campagne,
But what they are there for I really don't know,
Vive la campagne.

3

Co-Ca-Che-Lunk

When we first came on the campus,
We were Freshmen green as grass;
Now, as grave and reverend Seniors,
Smile we o'er the verdant pasture.

CHORUS.—

Co-ca-che-lunk-che-lunk-che-la-ly
Co-ca-che-lunk-che-lunk-che-la-ly,
Co-ca-che-lunk-che-lunk-che-la-ly.
Hi! O chicken why don't you lay.

We have fought the fight together,
We have struggled side by side,
Broken are the ties that bind us,
We must cut our sticks and slide.

Some will go to Greece and Athens,
Some to Italy and Rome,
Some to Greenland's icy mountains,
More perhaps will stay at home.

What will Davy do without us,
For so very long a time,
Really, Gentlemen, this is disgraceful,
Ante up and pay your fine.

Cannon Song

(Air : Auld Lang Syne)

Come Seniors, come, and fill your pipes.
Your richest incense raise ;
Let's take a smoke, a parting smoke,
For good old by-gone days.

CHORUS—

For good old by-gone days we'll smoke,
For good old by-gone days.
We'll take a smoke, a parting smoke,
For good old by-gone days.

We'll crown the cannon with a cloud,
We'll celebrate its praise ;
Recalling its old smoking song,
Of good old by-gone days.

We'll smoke to those we've left behind.
In devious college ways :
We'll smoke to songs we've sung before,
In good old by-gone days.

We'll smoke to Alma Mater's name ;
She loves the cloud we raise !
For well she knows the "biggest guns"
Are in the coming days.

We'll smoke the times, the good old times,
When we were called to fire !
Their light shall blaze in memory,
Till the lamp of life expire.

Then let each smoking pipe be broke,
Hurrah for coming days.
We'll take a march, a merry march,
To meet the coming rays.

5

Where, Oh Where

Where, oh where, are the verdant Freshmen?

Where, oh where, are the verdant Freshmen?

Where, oh where, are the verdant Freshmen?

Safe now in the Sophomore class.

They've gone out from Bergen's Botany,

They've gone out from Bergen's Botany,

They've gone out from Bergen's Botany,

Safe now in the Sophomore class.

Where, oh where, are the lordly Sophomores? (Ter)

Safe now in the Junior class.

They've gone out from Analytics, (Ter)

Safe now in Junior class.

Where, oh where, are the jolly Juniors? (Ter)

Safe now in the Senior class.

They've gone out from Philo-sophies, (Ter)

Safe now in the Senior class.

Where, oh where, are the stately Seniors? (Ter)

Safe now in the wide, wide world.

By and by we'll go to meet them. (Ter)

Safe now in the wide, wide world.

Where, oh where, are the staid Alumni (Ter)

Lost, lost, in the wide, wide world.

They've gone out from their dreams and theories (Ter)

Lost, lost in the wide, wide world.

6

Concrematio Analyticarum

(Air: *Rock of Ages*)

Lurid red the torch's ray,

Gleams across our midnight way.

As with songs and dirges sad,

Mourn we Anna Lytics dead.

Hushed is now the busy world,
 And the days bright banner furled,
 Weeping Sophomores now draw near,
 See our Anna on her bier.

Now for us her course is run,
 And our weary victory won
 For the gaping Freshman crew,
 She shall rise with terrors new.

When the greedy flame shall eat -
 Coffin, pall and winding-sheet,
 Still we chant our solemn lays,
 Mindful of her prison days.

Though through many a weary night,
 She disturbed our slumbers light,
 Yet we'll sing right mournfully,
 "Requiescat in pace."

7

Rule Britannia

When Britain first at Heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 'Tis was the charter, the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sang the strain,
 Rule Britannia! Britannia rule the waves,
 For Britons never shall be slaves.

CHORUS —

Rule Britannia! Britannia rule the waves.
 Britons never shall be slaves

The nations not so blest as thee,
 Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
 While thou shalt flourish shalt flourish great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
 As the loud blast, the blast that rends the sky,
 Serves but to root thy native oak.

The muses still with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair,
 Blest Isle with beauty, with matchless beauty crowned,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.

8

Far Away

Where is now the merry party,
 I remember long ago;
 Laughing round the Christmas fires,
 Brightened by its ruddy glow,
 Or in summer's balmy evenings,
 In the field upon the hay?
 They have all dispersed and wandered.
 Far away, far away.
 They have all dispersed and wandered
 Far away, far away.

Some have gone to lands far distant
 And with strangers made their home.
 Some upon the world of waters
 All their lives are forced to roam;
 Some are gone from us forever,
 Longer here they might not stay,
 They have reached a fairer region
 Far away, far away.
 They have reached a fairer region
 Far away, far away.

That hatred of wrong and that pride in the right,
 And the freedom that our fore-fathers won ;
 No we'll never yield a jot but just keep what we got,
 If we fight till the day is done.

12

Home by the Sea

Oh ! give me a home by the sea,
 Where wild waves are crested with foam,
 Where shrill winds are carolling free,
 As o'er the blue waters they come,
 For I'd list to the ocean's loud roar,
 And joy in the stormiest gloe,
 Nor ask in this wide world for more
 Than a home by the deep heaving sea.
 Bis || A home, a home, by the deep heaving sea. ||

At morn, when the sun from the east,
 Comes mantled in crimson and gold,
 Where shrill winds are carolling free,
 Which sparkles with splendour untold,
 Oh ! then by the shore would I stray,
 And roam as the halcyon free,
 From envy and care far away
 At my home by the deep heaving sea.
 || A home, a home, by the deep heaving sea. ||

At eve, when the moon in her pride,
 Rides queen of the soft summer night,
 And gleams on the morning tide
 With floods of her silvery light.
 Oh ! earth has no beauty so rare,
 No place that is dearer to me ;
 Then give me so free and so fair,
 A home by the deep heaving sea,
 Bis || A home, a home, a home by the deep heaving sea.

Men of the North

Come, if ye dare! to the Northman's lair
 The tramp of your armies shall not shake us!
 Shout if ye will, we are freemen still,
 Words cannot break us!
 For we have the brain and the brawn and the blood,
 Of the Saxon and Celt and the Gaul,
 And we fear not any man but we will do the best we can,
 When we march at our country's call.

CHORUS,—

Canada, dear Canada!
 Men of the North are we;
 For thee we live and for thee we'll die,
 But aye thou shalt be free.
 Canada, dear Canada!
 Men of the North are we;
 For thee we live and for thee we'll die,
 But evermore thou shalt be free.

We are the Men of the fair far North;
 The land of the maple spreads around us.
 Here shall we live—not an inch shall we give;
 None shall confound us.
 For we have the land and the grain and the gold,
 And should foes for these e'er wish to fall,
 Why they'll find that we can fight when we know we're
 in the right,
 And we march at our country's call.

Men of the North, if to war we go forth,
 Let our trust never lie in martial numbers,
 But in that spark blest, in each man's breast,
 The fire that never slumbers;

And life slips its tether
 When good fellows get together
 Bis ! With a stain on the table,
 In to fallowship of Spring !

10

My Old Kentucky Home

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
 'Tis summer, the darkies am gay,
 The corn-tops ripe and the meadows are in bloom,
 While the birds make music all the day ;
 The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
 All merry, all happy and bright,
 By'n-by Hard Times comes a-knocking at the door,
 Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

CHORUS,—

Weep no more, my lady,
 Oh ! weep no more to-day,
 We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
 For the old Kentucky home, far away.
 They hunt no more for the possum and the coon
 On the meadow, the hill, and the shore,
 They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon
 On the bench by the old cabin door ;
 The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
 With sorrow where all was delight,
 The time has come when the darkies have to part,
 Then my old Kentucky home, good-night.
 The head must bow and the back will have to bend,
 Wherever the darkey may go,
 A few more days and the trouble all will end,
 In the field where the sugar-canes grow ;
 A few more days to tote the heavy load,
 No matter, 'twill never be light,
 A few more days will we totter on the road,
 Then my old Kentucky home, good-night.

There are still some few remaining
 Who remind us of the past,
 But they change as all things change here ;
 Nothing in this world can last.
 Years roll on and pass forever,
 What is coming, who can say ?
 Ere this closes many may be
 Far away, far away,
 Ere this closes many may be
 Far away, far away.

9

Stein Song

Give a rouse, then in the Maytime
 For a life that knows no fear ;
 Turn night-time into day-time
 With the sunlight of good cheer ;
 For it's always fair weather
 When good fellows get together,
 Bis|| With a stein on the table
 And a good song ringing clear. ||

Oh,—we're all frank and twenty
 When the Spring is in the air ;
 And we've faith and hope a plenty
 And we've life and love to spare ;
 And it's birds of a feather
 When good fellows get together,
 Bis|| With a stein on the table,
 And a heart without a care. ||

For we know the world is glorious
 And the goal a golden thing,
 And that God is not censorious
 When his children have their fling,

13

Tenting To Night

We're tenting to-night on the old camp ground,
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home,
And friends we love so dear.

CHORUS—

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease,
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace.
Tenting to-night, Tenting to-night,
Tenting on the old camp ground.

We've been tenting to-night on the old camp ground.
Thinking of days gone by,
Of the lov'd ones at home that gave us the hand,
And the tear that said "Good-bye."

We're tired of war on the old camp ground
Many are dead and gone,
Of the brave and true who've left their homes
Others been wounded long

We've been fighting today on the old camp ground
Many are lying near,
Some are dead and some are dying.
Many are in tears.

14

Mush, Mush

Oh, 'twas there I learned readin' and writin'
At Billy Brackett's where I went to school
And 'twas there I learned howlin' and fightin'
With me schoolmaster, Mister O'Toole,

Him and me had many a scrimmage
 An' devil a copy I wrote
 There was ne'er was a gossoon in the village
 Dare tread on the tail o' my—

CHORUS,
 Mush-mush, mush-tu-ral-i-ad-dy
 Sing mush, mush, mush-tu-ral-i-a
 There was ne'er a gossoon in the village
 Dare tread on the tail o' me coat.

Oh, 'twas there that I larned all me courtin'
 O' the lessons I tuk in the art!
 Till Cupid, the blackguard, while sportin',
 An arrow dhruv straight through me heart.
 Miss Judy O'Connor, she lived fornist me
 An' tinder lines to her I wrote,
 If ye dare say wan hard word agin' her
 I'll tread on the tail o' yer—

CHORUS (*Repeat last two lines of each verse*) Mush, etc.

But a blackguard called Micky Maloney
 Come an' stole her affections away,
 Fur he'd money an' I hadn't any
 So I sent him a challenge nixt day
 In the A. M. we met at Killarney,
 The Shannon we crossed in a boat,
 An' I lathered him wid me shillaly
 Fur he trod on the tail o' me—

Oh me fame wint abroad through the nation
 An' folks came a flockin' to see
 An they cried out, without hesitation
 "You're a fightin' man, Billy McGee!"
 Oh, I claned out the Finnigan faction
 An' I licked all the Murphy's afloat
 If you're in fur a row or a raction
 Jist ye thread on the tail o' me —

Elegy

(Air : Nellie Grey)

He's gone from us forever is our darling little boy,
 We'll never see our darling any more ;
 Like a dream he passed away on the 24th of May,
 And he never died so suddenly before.
 No more upon the mat he'll play with pussy cat,
 No more between his teeth he'll squeeze her tail,
 No more he'll rub her nose against the red hot stove,
 For his little brother Bill has kicked the pail,

CHORUS,—

Then he's gone forever more
 At the age of ninety-four,
 There was nothing in the world his life could save,
 I'm going to the poor-house to fulfill his last request,
 To plant a bunch of whiskers on his grave

We knew he was departing by the colour of his breath
 We knew the flower was nipping in the bud :
 And the doctor said the only thing to save our boy from death
 Was to stop the circulation of the blood.
 We even bathed his head in a pot of boiling lead,
 And then we gently laid him down to rest
 But in the night some burglar came and stole into his room,
 And swiped the mustard plaster off his chest.

Kemo Kimeo

Away down in Centre street ;
 Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo !
 Dere's where de darkeys grow ten feet ;
 Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo !

CHORUS—

Kemo kimo, dero wamehi,
 Meho me runsi pumad ddle,
 Soup-back pidde-winkum, ni 1-pum, nip-cat !
 Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo !

They go to bed, but it ain't no use,
 Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo !
 For their legs hang out a for a chicken roost ;
 Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo !

Each darkey wakes up almost dead,
 Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo !
 With a hundredweight of chickens on each leg
 Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo.

The chickens go out to de barn,
 Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo !
 The big ones crow and the little ones larn.
 Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo !

And when each chick is pretty full,
 Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo !
 He sticks his claw in the darkey's wool.
 Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo !

I looked behind de kitchen stairs,
 Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo !
 I saw a caterpillar saying his prayers.
 Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo !

The horse and the sheep were going to the pasture,
 Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo !
 Says the horse to the sheep "Wont you go a little faster ?"
 Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo !

Old Grimes

Tune, - Auld Lang Syne

Old Grimes is dead, that good old man,
 We ne'er shall see him more;
 He used to wear a long black coat,
 All buttoned down before.

CHORUS

Old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes,
 Old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes,
 Old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes,
 Old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes.

His heart was open as the day,

His feelings all were true;

His hair was some inclined to gray,
 wore it in a queue.

Ne'er he heard the voice of pain,

His breast with pity burned;

The large round head upon his cane,
 From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ever had for all,

He knew no base design;

His eyes were dark and rather small,

His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,

In friendship he was true;

His coat had pocket-holes behind,

His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes

He passed securely o'er,

And never wore a pair of boots,

For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,

Nor fears misfortune's frown;

He wore a double-breasted vest,—

The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
 And give it its desert,
 He had no malice in his mind,
 No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse
 Was sociable and gay,
 He wore nor left nor rights for shoes,
 And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
 He did not bring to view,
 He made a noise town-meeting days,
 As many people do.

Thus, undisturbed by anxious cares,
 His peaceful moments ran,
 And everybody said he was
 A fine old gentleman.

A Capital Ship

A capital ship for an ocean trip,
 Was the wa'loping Window Blind.
 No wind that blew dismayed her crew,
 Or troubled the Captain's mind.
 The man at the wheel was made to feel
 Contempt for the wildest blow-ow-ow.
 Though it often appeared when the gale had cleared,
 That he'd been in the bunk below.

CHORUS—

Then blow, ye winds heigh-ho, a-roving I will go"
 I'll stay no more on England's shore,
 So let the music play-ay-ay.
 I'm off in the morning train ; I'll cross the raging main,
 I'm off to my love with a boxing glove,
 Ten thousand miles away.

The bo'swain's mate was very sedate,
Yet fond of amusement too ;
He played the hop-scootch with the star-board watch
While the captain he tickled the crew,
And the gunner we had was apparently mad,
For he sat on the after ra-ai-ail
And fired salutes, with the captain's boots,
In the teeth of the booming gale.

The captain sat on the commodore's hat,
And dined in a royal way
Off toasted pigs and pickles and figs,
And gunnery bread each day,
And the cook was Dutch and behaved as such ;
For the diet he gave the crew-ew-ew,
Was a number of tons of hot cross buns,
Served up with sugar and glue.

All nautical pride we laid aside
As we ran the vessel ashore
On the Gulliby Isles, where the Poopoo smiles,
And the rubby Vylings roar;
And we sat on the edge of a sandy ledge
And shot at the whistling bee-ee-ee,
And the cinnamon bats wore waterproof hats,
As they dipped in the shiny sea.

On Rugbug bark from morn till dark,
We dined till we all had grown
Uncommonly shrunk, when a Chinese junk
Came up from the Torriby Zone ;
She was chubby and square, but we didn't care,
So we cheerily put to sea-ee-ee,
And we left all the crew of the junk to chew,
On the bark of the Rugbug tree.

Solomon Levi

My name is Solomon Levi, at my store on Salem Street,
That's where you'll buy your coat and vests so very neat ;
I've second handed Ulsterettes, and everything that's fine
For all the boys they trade with me at a hundred and forty-nine.

CHORUS,—

O Solomon Levi ! Levi ! tra la la la !

Poor Sheeny Levi, tra la la la la la la la la,

My name is Solomon Levi, at my store on Salem street ;

That's where you'll buy your coats and vests, and every-
thing that's neat ;

Second-handed Ulsterettes and everything else that's fine,
For all the boys they trade with me at a hundred and forty
nine.

And if a bummer comes along to my store on Salem street,
And tries to hang me up for coats and vests so very neat ;
I kicks the bummer right out of my store and on him sets my
pup
For I won't sell clothing to any man who tries to set me up.

The people are delighted to come inside of my store,
And trade with the elegant gentleman what I keeps to walk the
floor,
He is a blood among the Sheenies, beloved by one and all,
And his clothes they fit him just like the paper on the wall.

The Wreck of the "Julie Plante"

On wan dark night, on Lac St. Pierre,
De win' she blow, blow, blow,
An' de crew of de wood-scow "Julie Plant,"
Got scart, an' run below
For de win' she blow lak' hurricane,
Bime-by she blow some more,
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre,
Wan arpent from de shore,

CHORUS, --

For de win' she blow lak' hurricane
 Bime-by she blow some more,
 An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre,
 Wan arpent from de shore

De captinne walk on de front deck,
 An' walk de hin' deck too,
 He—call de—crew from up de pole,
 He call de cook also.
 De—cook she's name was Rosie,
 She came from Montreal,
 Was chambermaid on lombaire barge,
 On de grand Lachine canal

De win' she blow from Nor'—Eas'—Wes,'
 De Sout' win' she blow too,
 W'en Rosie cry, Mon cher captinne,
 Mon cher—wa't I shall de?"
 Den de captinne trow de big h'ankerre,
 But still de scow she drif ;
 De crew he can't pass on de shore
 Becos he los' his skiff.

De night was dark lak' wan black cat,
 De wave run high an' fas,'
 W'en de captinne tak' de poor Rosie
 An' tie her to de mas "
 Den he also tak' de life preserve
 An' jomp off on de lac,'
 An' say "Good bye, ma Rosie dear,
 I go drown for your sake."

Nex' mornin' very early,
 'Rout half pas' two—tree—four—
 De captinne, scow, an' poor Rosie
 Was corpees on de shore,

For de win' she blow lak' hurricane,
 Bime-by she blow some more—
 An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre,
 Wan arpent from de shore.

Now all good wood-scow sailor man,
 Tak' warning from dat storm,
 An' go an' marry some nice French girl,
 An' live on wan big farm.
 De win' can blow lak' hurricane,
 An' spose she blow some more,
 You can't get drown on Lac St. Pierre,
 So long you stay on shore.

21

My Bonnie

My Bonnie is over the ocean,
 My Bonnie is over the sea,
 My Bonnie is over the ocean,
 Oh bring back my Bonnie to me.

CHORUS,—

Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bonnie
 to me, to me,
 Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bonnie
 to me, to me.

Oh, blow ye winds over the ocean,
 Oh blow ye winds over the sea,
 Oh blow ye winds over the ocean,
 And bring back my Bonnie to me.

Last night as I lay on my pillow,
 Last night as I lay on my bed,
 Last night as I lay on my pillow,
 I dreamed that my Bonnie was dead.

The winds have blown over the ocean,
The winds have blown over the sea,
The winds have blown over the ocean,
And brought back my Bonnie to me.

Crossing the Bar

Sunset and Evening Star,
And one clear call for me !
And may there be no moaning bar
When I put out to sea

But moving tide asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the deep
Turns to its earliest home.

Twilight and Evening Bell,
And after that the dark
And may there be no sad farewell
When I at last embark,

For tho' from Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot's face,
When I have crossed the bar.

There is a Tavern in the Town

There is a tavern in the town, in the town,
And there my true love sits him down, sits him down,
And drinks his wine 'mid laughter free
And never, never thinks of me.

CHORUS, -

Fare thee well for I must leave thee,
 Do not let the parting grieve thee.
 And remember that the best of friends must part, must par.

2nd CHORUS, -

Adieu, adieu, kind friends adieu, adieu, adieu,
 I can no longer stay with you, stay with you,
 I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree,
 And may the world go well with thee

He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark,
 Each Friday night they used to spark, used to spark,
 And now my love once true to me
 Takes that dark damsel on his knee.

Oh ! dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep,
 Put tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet,
 And on my tomb-stone carve a turtle dove,
 To signify I died of love.

24**Maria's Lambkin**

Maria had a Lambkin, of most prodigious size,
 And when the butcher cut his throat,
 She wept out both her eyes. (Ter)

CHORUS, -

And a tip-top mutton chop, Fol de rol de riddle rop,
 A very giddy mutton chop, Fol de rol de ray,
 And Mary ate the mutton chop, Fol de rol de ray,
 And Mary ate the mutton chop, Fol de rol de riddle rop,
 Mary ate the mutton chop, Fol de rol de ray.

It went with her to college. But as a tiny bunch
 A dainty sample of its worth,
 A portion of her lunch. (Ter.)

What makes the sheep love Mary so as 'in its gore it drops,
'Cause Mary's fond of mutton,
And hankers after chops. (Ter)

25

Old Black Joe

Gone are the days when my heart was light and gay,
Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away,
Gone from the earth to a better land I know,
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

CHORUS,—

I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low;
I hear their gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe."

Why should I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
Why do I sigh that my friends come not again,
Grieving for forms now departed long ago?
I hear their gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe."

Where are the hearts once so happy and so free?
The children so dear that I held upon my knee?
Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go,
I hear their gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe."

26

A Catastrophe

There was a boy, there was a tack,
There was a boy, there was a tack.
There was a teacher new.
The tack sat down upon its head, (Repeat 7 times)
The teacher sat down too.
Then up he rose and seized that boy. (Repeat 4 times)

Bis || Who shook in every joint. ||

Then up he rose and seized that boy,
Who shook in every joint

(Boy) "I only meant it for a joke." (Ter)

(Teacher) "I failed to see the point."

27

Lend Me Your Teeth

"Lend me your teeth, oh grandma dear,"
 The charming maiden cried.
 "I've swallowed them, my pet." quoth she
 "They are on my inside." Inside.

28

Stars of the Summer Night

Stars of the summer night,
 Far in yon azure deeps,
 Hide, hide your golden light ;
 Bis || She sleeps, my lady sleeps. ||

Moon of the summer night,
 Far down yon western steep,
 Sink, sink in silver light :
 Bis || She sleeps, my lady sleeps. ||

Wind of the summer night,
 Where yonder woodbine creeps
 Fold, fold your pinions light ;
 Bis || She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

Dreams of the summer night,
 Tell her her lover keeps
 Watch, while in slumber light
 Bis || She sleeps, my lady sleeps. ||

29

Soldier's Farewell

How can I bear to leave thee,
 One parting kiss I give thee ;
 And then whate'er befalls me,
 I go where honor calls me.
 Bis || Farewell, farewell, my own true love. ||

Ne'er more may I behold thee,
Or to this heart unfold thee :
With spear and pennon glancing,
I see the foe advancing.

Bis || Farewell, farewell, my own true love. ||

I think of thee with longing,
Think thou, when tears are thronging,
What with my last faint sighing,
I'll whisper soft while dying

Bis || Farewell, farewell my own true love ||

30

Drink to Me Only

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine ,
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine ;
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine,
But I might of Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much hon'ring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'at it back to me,
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

31

Auld Lang Syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of Auld Lang Syne ?

CHORUS,—

For Auld Lang Syne, my dear,
 For Auld Lang Syne,
 We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,
 For Auld Lang Syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine ;
 But we've wandered many a weary foot,
 Sin' Auld Lang Syne.

And here's a hand my trusty frien,'
 And gie's a hand o' thine ;
 And we'll take a right guid willie naught,
 For Auld Lang Syne.

29

Juanita

Soft o'er the fountain,
 Ling'ring falls the southern moon,
 Far o'er the mountain,
 Breaks the day too soon.
 In thy dark eyes' splendor,
 When the warm light loves to dwell,
 Weary looks, yet tender,
 Speak their fond farewell.
 Nita ! Juanita ! ask thy soul if we should part !
 Nita ! Juanita ! Lean thou on my heart.

When in thy dreaming,
 Moons like these shall shine again,
 And daylight beaming,
 Proves thy dreams are vain,
 Wilt thou not, relenting,
 For thine absent lover sigh,
 In thy heart consenting
 To a prayer gone by ?
 Nita ! Juanita ! Let me linger by thy side !
 Nita ! Juanita ! Be my own fair bride !

Speed Away

Speed away ! speed away ! on thine errand of light ;
 There's a young heart awaiting thy coming to-night ;
 She will fondle thee close, she will ask for the loved
 Who pine upon earth since the "Day Star" has roved,
 She will ask if we miss her, so long is her stay.
 Speed away ! speed away ! speed away !

Wilt thou tell her, bright songster, the old chief is lone ?
 That he sits all the day by his cheerless hearth-stone ?
 That his tomahawk lies all unnoted the while,
 And his thin lips wreath over in one sunless smile ?
 That the old chieftain mourns her, and why will she stay ?
 Speed away ! speed away ! speed away !

And oh ! wilt thou tell her, blest bird on the wing,
 That her mother hath ever a sad song to sing ?
 That she standeth alone in the still quiet night,
 And her fond heart goes forth for the being of night
 Who has slept in her bosom, but who would not stay ?
 Speed away ! speed away ! speed away !

Go, bird of the silver wing ! fetterless now,
 Stoop not thy bright pinions on yon mountain's brow ;
 But hie thee away o'er rock, river and glen,
 And find our young "Day Star" ere night close again,
 Up ! onward ! let nothing thy mission delay.
 Speed away ! speed away ! speed away !

Meerschaum Pipe

Oh, who will smoke my Meerschaum Pipe ? Meerschaum Pipe ?
 Oh, who will smoke my Meerschaum Pipe ? Meerschaum Pipe ?
 Oh, will who smoke my Meerschaum Pipe,
 When I am far away ?

BARKER.

Allie Bazan, Patsy Moran, Mary McCann, Can, Cann.

Oh who will wear my cast-off boots, cast-off boots? (Ter)
When I am far away?

Allie Bazan, Morgan, Mary McCann.

Oh, who will squeeze her snow-white hand? snow-white hand? (Ter)

Allie Bazan, Patsy Morgan, Mary McCann, Kazecazan,
Yucatan, Kalamazoo!

Oh, who will kiss her ruby lips? ruby lips? (Ter)

Allie Bazan! Johnnie Moran! Mary McCann, Kazecazan
Yucatan, Kalamazoo, Michigan, Bad Man! ! !

34

Jolly U. N. B.

CHORUS, —

Hurrah, hurrah for jolly U. N. B.,
Hurrah, hurrah, with the Cope we can't agree,
And every man should treat his friend about as he would be.
While we are rolling through the 'Varsity.

Hurrah, hurrah, the button has been pressed,
Hurrah, hurrah, U. N. B. will do the rest,
She's modest, she's retiring, but she'll do her level best,
While we go rolling through the 'Varsity.

We've Davy and we've Tubby,
And we've all the rest between
And all their crazy notions in the Calendar are seen,
We'll join our hands together and we'll push the old machine
While we go rolling through the 'Varsity.

Loch Lomond

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,
 Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomon,
 Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae,
 On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomon.
 Oh ! ye'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low road,
 An' I'll be in Scotland afore ye ;
 But me an' my true love will never meet again
 On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.

'Twas there we parted in yon shady glen,
 On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomon'
 Where in purple hue, the Highland hills we view,
 An' the moon comin' out in the gloamin',
 Oh ! ye'll tak' the high road, an' I'll tak' the low road,
 An' I'll be in Scotland afore ye ;
 But me an' my true love will never meet again,
 On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.

The wee birdies sing, and the wild flowers spring,
 An' in sunshine the waters are sleepin',
 But the broken heart, it kens nae second spring ;
 Tho' the wae fu' may cease frae their greetin'
 Oh ! ye'll tak' the high road, an' I'll tak' the low road
 An' I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
 But me an' my true love will never meet again,
 On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.

Landlord Fill the Flowing Cup

Come, landlord fill the flowing bowl
 Until it doth run over :
 (Ter) For tonight we'll merry merry be,
 Tomorrow we'll be sober.

The man who drinks good whiskey punch
And goes to bed quite mellow,
(Ter) He lives just as he ought to live,
And dies a jolly fellow.

The man who drinks cold water pure,
And goes to bed quite sober :
(Ter) He falls just as the leaves do fall,
So early in October.

37 Down Where the Wurzbürger Flows

Now poets may sing of the dear Fatherland
And the soft flowing dreamy old Rhine ;
Beside the blue Danube in fancy they stand
And they rave of its beauties divine.
But there is a spot where the sun never shines,
Where mirth and goodfellowship reign,
For dear old Bohemia my lonely heart pines
And I long to be there once again.

CHORUS,—

Take me down, down, down where the Wurzbürger
flows, flows, flows,
It will drown, drown, drown all your troubles and cares
and woes ;
Just order two seidels of lager or three
If I don't want to drink it, please force it on me.
The Rhine may be fine but a cold stein for mine,
Down where the Wurzbürger flows. (Repeat)

The Rhine by moonlight's a beautiful sight
When the wind whispers low thro' the vines,
But give me some good old Rathskellar at night,
Where the brilliant electric light shines.
The poets may think it's delightful to hear
The nightingale piping his lay ;
Give me a piano, a cold stein of beer
And a fellow who knows how to play.

Joshua

I run the old Mill,
 Over here in Ruebensville.
 My name is Joshua Ebenezer Fry,
 I know a thing or two
 You bet your life I do
 Can't catch me for I'm too durned sly.

CHORUS,—

Wall I swan I must be movin' on
 Gid dap Napoleon, looks like rain
 I'll be durned the butter ain't churned
 Come in when your over to the farm again.

My son Joshua
 Went to Philadelphi-a,
 Wouldn't do a days work, couldn't if he would,
 Smokes cigarettes too,
 Like the city chaps do,
 What he's a comin' to ain't no good.

I've met bunco men,
 Always got the best of them,
 Once I met a couple on the Boston train,
 One said "How'd'y, do
 I said "That'll do,
 Travel right along with your durn skin game"

CHORUS,—

Wall I swan I must be movin' on
 Gip-dap Napoleon looks like rain,
 I'll be switched the hay ain't pitched,
 Come in when you're over to the farm again.

I drove the old mare,
 Over to the county fair.
 Got first prize on a load o' summer squash,
 Came home around the hill,
 Over by the cider mill
 Got home tighter than a drum, by gosh—!

The Bold Bad Man

He was a bold, bad man and a desperado :
He came from Cripple Creek way down in Colorado.
He struck that town like a young tornada,
And everywhere he went he gave a war whoop.

He was a bold, bad man and a desperado.
He wore a wide sombrero and a gun beneath his vest,
He came to New York just to give the west a rest,
And everywhere he went he gave a war whoop.

K

(With Apologies)

(Music: *The Tale of the Kangaroo*)

Oh ! if I had a daughter
I'd dress her up in green,
And send her down to { Wolfville
Sackville
To coach { Acadia's
The Mt. A. } team
But if I had a son, sir
I'll tell you what he'd do ;
He'd yell ——— with { Acadia
Mt. A. }
Like his daddy use to do.

41

Engineering-Camp Song

Bis || O the girls are awfully sweet up in Keswick.
 O the girls are awfully sweet, but you ought to see their feet
 For, for size they can't be beat,
 Up in Keswick.

Bis || O they grow potatoes small up in Keswick.
 O they grow potatoes small and they dig them in the fall.
 And they eat them skins and all,
 Up in Keswick.

Bis || O they chew tobacco thin up in Keswick.
 O they chew tobacco thin and it trickles down their chin,
 And they lick it up agin',
 Up in Keswick.

Bis || O they make good apple pie up in Keswick.
 O they make good apple pie but it comes so very high,
 When you "pinch" an apple pie,
 Up in Keswick.

42

Boola

Well, here we are, well here we are,
 Just watch us rolling up a score,
 We'll leave Mt. A. so far behind,
 That they won't want to play us any more,
 We've faith and hope in U. N. B.
 To win we cannot fail,
 And a boola, hoe and a boola, boo,
 And a bool, boola, boola, boola, boo.

CHORUS, -

Boola, boola, boola, boola,
 Boola, boola, boola, boola,
 When we rough-house old, —
 They will holler boola, boo.

Now isn't it a shame, now isn't a shame,
 To do those fellows up so bad,
 We've done it before and we'll do it once more,
 Tho' it makes them so very, very sad,
 We'll roll the score so very high,
 That you will hear them sigh,
 And a boola, boo, and a boola. boo.
 And a bool, boola. boola, boola, boo.

48

Levee Song

(Solo) I once did know a girl named Grace—

(Quartet) I'm wukkin' on de levee;

(Solo) She done brung me to [dis]ad disgrace

(Quartet) O' wukkin on de levee.

CHORUS,—

I been wukkin' on de railroad

All de live long day;

I been wukkin' on de railroad,

Ter pass de time away.

Doan' yuh hyah de whistle blowin'?

Rise up, so uhly in de morn;

Doan' yuh hyah de cap'n shoutin'

"Dinah, blow yo' hawn?"

Sing a song of the city;

Roll dat cotton bale;

Niggah ain' half so happy,

As when he's out o' jail.

Norfolk, foh its oystah-shells,

Boston foh its beans,

Cha'leston foh its rice an' cawn,

But foh niggahs—New Orleans.

Everybody Come

Oh, Adam was the gardener, and Eve the gardeness,
And they raised Cain and Abel, and cabbages and cress,
Until one day old Adam, thought he'd better pull up stakes,
And go and take the Keeley cure, as he was seeing snakes.

CHORUS,—

Come old folks, come young folks, come, everybody come,
And join our christian Sunday School and make yourself
to home,
We're pleased to check your chewing gum and razors at the
door,
And you'll hear some Bible stories that you never heard before.

Oh, Esau was a cowboy, of the wild and woolly make,
His father gave him half his farm, and half to brother Jake,
But Esau coming home one night was feeling sort of queer,
So he sold his half to Jacob for a sandwich and a beer.

Oh, Sampson was a scrapper of the John L. Sullivan school,
He licked the whole creation with the jaw-bone of a mule,
Until one Delilah came and filled him full of gin,
And shagged him of curly locks and the cop he ran him in.

Oh, Jonah was a sailor lad, so runs the Bible tale,
He tried to cross the ocean in the belly of a whale,
The whale with Jonah in him wasn't tickled with the jest,
So when Jonah pressed the button, why the whale he did
the rest.

Oh, David was a shepherd lad, a husky little cuss,
He swore of old Goliath he would make an awful muss,
Goliath when he saw him, said he'd lick the kid or bust,
But David picked a pebble up and pinked him on the crust.

45

Varsity

U. N. B. colors we are wearing once again,
 Soiled tho' they are by the battle and the rain,
 Yet another victory will wash away the stain,
 So boys, go in and win.

V-A-R-S-I-T-Y
 V-A-R-S-I-T-Y
 V-A-R-S-I-T-Y

We're the {boys
 girls} of the red and black.

46

Hit the Line

Hit the line for U. N. B.
 For U. N. B. today,
 And we'll show the sons of Mt. A.
 That the red and black.
 Still holds sway.

Down the field once again boys,
 Victory or die !
 And we'll give a grand old cheer boys,
 When the U. N. B. team goes by,
 U. N. B. rah ! rah ! rah ! (Ter)

47 There's a Hole in the Bottom of the Sea

Bis || There's a hole in the bottom of the sea,
 Bis || There's a whale in the hole in the bottom of the sea,
 Bis || There's a man in the whale in the hole in the bottom
 of the sea
 1 is || There's a nose on the man in the whale etc.
 Bis || There's a fly on the nose of the man, etc.
 Bis || There's a wing on the fly on the nose, etc.
 Bis || There's a spot on wing on the fly etc.

The Prof's Song

Where oh where is C¹ Davy,
 Where oh where is C² Davy..
 Where oh where is C³ Davy,
 Way down below.

He went down on a parallelepiped,
 He went down on a parallelepiped,
 He went down on a parallelepiped,
 Way down below.

Where oh where is classic Tingibus, (Ter)
 Way down below.
 He went down on a periphrastic, (Ter)
 Way down below.

Where oh where is chubby Tubby, (Ter)
 Way down below.
 He went down on a syllogism, (Ter)
 Way down below.

Where oh where is dinky Coxy, (Ter)
 Way down below.
 He went down on an epiglottis,
 Way down below.

Where oh where is syllabus McGinnis,
 Way down below.
 He went down on a Coulomb Theory, (Ter)
 Way down below.

Where oh where is Blinky Stevens, (Ter)
 Way down below..
 He went down on a cigarette, (Ter)
 Way down below.

Where oh where is Tiny Day, (Ter)
 Way down below..
 He went down on a Chaucer's Prologue, (Ter)
 Way down below..

Where oh where is bucky Stiles, (Ter)
Way down below.
He went down on a "Go to the boarder Sir." (Ter)
Way down below.

Where oh where is Axel Uppvall (Ter)
Way down below.
He went down on a Fraser and Squair (Ter)
Way down below.

Where oh where is merry Hamlet (Ter)
Way up above.
He went up in a gas explosion, (Ter)
Way up above.

Where oh where is tree-top Miller. (Ter)
Way up above.
He went up on a wood-pecker's feather (Ter)
Way up above.

Bye and bye we'll go up to meet them. (Ter)
Way up above.
We'll go up on our good behavior (Ter)
Way up above.

49

Alice

(Tune : Alice Where Art Thou Going)

Alice was tall and lanky
Just like a ten-foot lath,
She got up Sunday morning
Just to take her weekly bath ta-ra,
While in the water splashing
She chanced to pull the plug
Her mother said, "Lord bless my soul"
As Alice she went down the hole
"Alice where art thou going."

Kelly

A boy named Henry Kelly came to College
To gain some knowledge,
He was off his trolley,
The things we did to Kell were most amazing,
We started hazing,
We put him in a blanket and we tossed him,
Up in the air.
He didn't care.
The wear and tear,
They bent his hair.

Yamma! yamma! we gave the college yell,
Yamma! yamma! the things we did to Kell,
We tossed him in the river and we didn't do a thing,
And as he started down the stream we all began to sing,

For he's a jolly good fellow, for he's a jolly good fellow,
Kelly began to yelly,
"Help, help for I can't swim"
Then we started roasting
What's the use of boasting,
We can't swim ourselves,
So how the ——— can we help you.

His hat was afloat on the river,
It floated away out to sea,
Poor Kelly he piped of his Dunlop,
Yelled "Bring back my bonnet to me,"
So we brought back, we brought back,
We brought back poor Hank,
And we left him on the bank
We brought back, we brought back,
We brought all his clothes back to town.

We left him bare and alone,
 U-pie-dee Holy gee!
 Fourteen miles to walk back home,
 Twenty-three skiddoo.

The shades of night were falling fast,
 U-pie-dee Holy gee!
 Kelly hid behind a tree.
 U-pie-dee, Goodnight.

Kelly started down the road,
 The sight was very sad,
 An empty barrel was the only
 Suit of clothes he had,
 A bunch of Old Maids saw poor Kelly,
 Coming down the line.
 They ran in the house and locked the door,
 But peeked out through the blind.
 They were seeing Kelly home,
 They were seeing Kelly home,
 They were having a grand old rubbering party,
 Seeing Kelly home.

50

Casey Jones

Come all you rounders,
 If you want to hear.
 The story about a brave Engineer
 Casey Jones was the Rounder's name,
 On a six eight wheeler boys,
 He won his fame.
 The caller called Casey at half past four,
 Kissed his wife at the station door,
 Mounted to the cabin,
 With his orders in his hand,
 And he took his farewell trip,
 To that Promised Land.

CHORUS,—

Casey Jones mounted to the cabin,
Casey Jones, with his orders in his hand,
Casey Jones mounted to the cabin,
And he took his farewell,
To that Promised Land.

Put in your water and shovel in your coal,
Put your head out the window, watch those drivers roll,
I'll run her till she leaves the rail,
'Cause I'm eight hours late
With that western mail
He looked at his watch
And his watch was slow.
He looked at the water
And the water was low.
He turned to the Fireman and he said,
"We're going to reach 'Frisco,
But we'll all be dead."

CHORUS,—

Casey Jones going to reach 'Frisco,
Casey Jones, but we'll all be dead,
Casey Jones going to reach 'Frisco,
We're going to reach 'Frisco,
But we'll all be dead.

Casey pulled up at Reno hill.
He tooted for the crossing,
With an awful shrill,
The switchman knew by the engine's groans,
That the man at the throttle was Casey Jones,
He pulled up within two miles of the place,
Number four stared him right in the face,
Turned to the fireman,
Said, "Boy you'd better jump,
Cause there's two locomotives,
And they're going to bump.

CHORUS,—

Casey Jones two locomotives,
Casey Jones that's going to bump,
Casey Jones two locomotives,
There's two locomotives,
That's going to bump.

Casey said just before he died,
There are two more roads that I'd like to ride,
Fireman said what could that be,
The Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe,
Mrs. Casey Jones sat on her bed a sighing,
Just received a message that Casey was dying,
Said go to bed children and hush your crying,
Cause you've got another papa on the Salt Lake Line.

CHORUS,—

Mrs. Casey Jones got another papa,
Mrs. Casey Jones on the Salt Lake Line,
Mrs. Casey Jones got another papa,
And you've got another papa,
On the Salt Lake Line.

51

God Save the King

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King
God save the King,
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour.
Long may he reign.
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
With heart and voice to sing
God save the King.

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